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John H. Riddleberger, New Market.

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POETICAL.

THE DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

One day last week, while sad and dreary,

As we wandered, weak and weary,

Across the snow-covered floor;

We heard, at first, a gentle tapping,

Then it became an earnest tapping,

At our sacred door.

"Come in!" we said; while yet he pondered,

And in silence we still wondered,

What for he came to us in store;

Then, the door-bell rang so true,

He walked, our clerk was burning:

Thoughts of a crimson gown.

"Are you the man who does the writing?"

"What word is it you wish to bring?"

"Sir, we are," we gently told him,

Nodding to the boy's hand him,

He tried to beat his own.

"You jump!" he cried; "these words are mine,

Or surely would have been mine,

No matter if the words did fall;

So seldom treated in this manner,

We felt inclined to bid him stand,

Only late and nothing more.

THE HIDING PLACE.

OR WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

Grandfather was dead! Over and over

again, the thought he must die had

made me cry my eyes nearly out,

for though he was eighty, he was not too

old to love. And now it happened,

and was all over, and I sat in a kind of

misericordia, listening to Lawyer

Curdle asking me—

"Where grandfather had kept his

will?"

"Had I not been told?"

"Did I know?"

"A will in my favor, leaving every-

thing to me?"

"Of course I knew of it!"

"Grandpa wanted to tell me," said I,

"but I would not let him. I could

not bear to think of his being dead. I

hoped he would not die before I did."

"In legal matters, ladies are little

short of idiots," said Mr. Curdle.

"I agree to distress you, but I sup-

pose you know there's a rampant old

fury down stairs, who claims this place

and everything in it—what is really your

grandfather's sister—and who, if there

is no will found, can turn you out of

house and home."

"You know your grandfather was

only a stepfather to your mother. You

were not actually related at all."

"Come now, plain speaking is neces-

sary. If we find the will, you are an

heir; if not, a beggar."

"Nothing could make me that," said I;

"nothing while I have ten fingers."

But he had aroused me at last.

Where had grandfather told me the

will was?

"I tried to think."

"No, he had not told me."

"I had put my hand over his mouth,

and said:

"Grandpa, don't! I shall cry myself

to death if you do, so I shan't say

anything."